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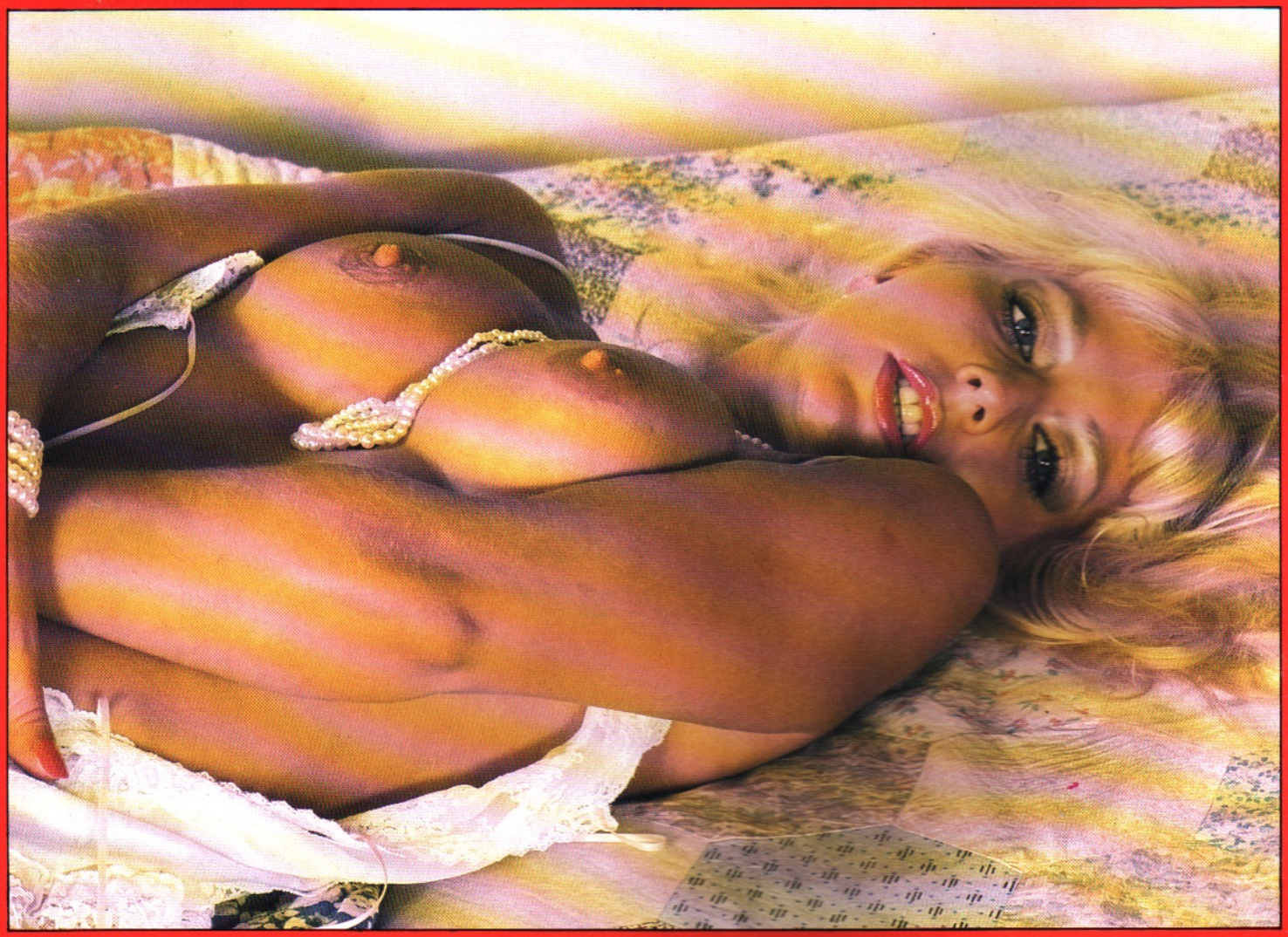

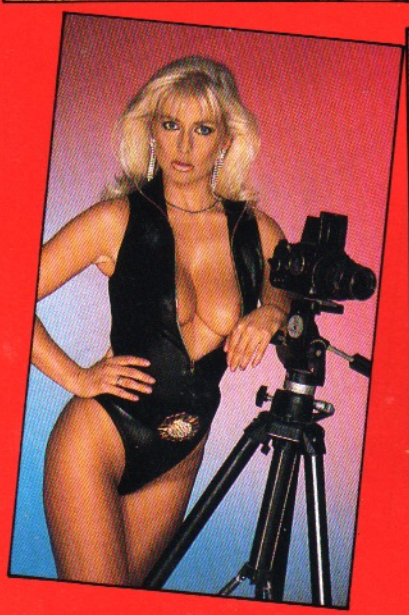

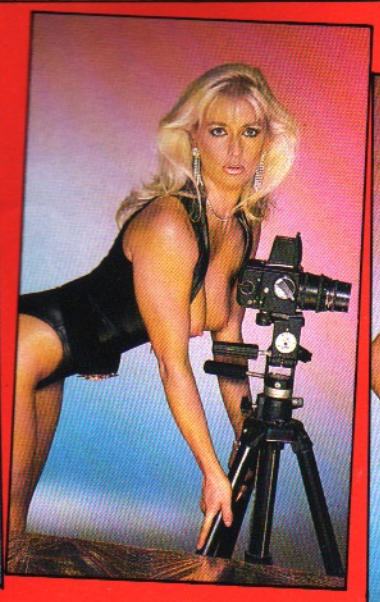

Your Multi-Talented Turn-On Zeta Welcomes You To Your Latest Star-Studded Parade...

Phew! Since Parade went two weekly, it's been rush, rush, rush to deliver your fortnightly feast of goodies.

'What's more, *between* compiling cavalcades of headline beauty (enjoy 'Sunbird' Carina and other newspaper knockouts in this ish) I've been putting together Parade's two astonishing 1987 Calendars (see their covers below) including our Parade Calendar Posterbook which delivers all-year-through pleasure for your bedroom or office wall for only £1!

'At long last both our £2.50 and our £1 Calendars have arrived from the printers so don't delay. Post the tear-off coupon below for your choice of all-through-1987 cheesecake.

'And you'll be pleased to hear that both Calendars include photographic treats taken by yours truly who's quite an artiste with the camera. Here are some views of me in the studio showing off my equipment, and girls tell me that somehow they feel even friskier when 'one of their own' is taking the pictures.

'And now *you* can check to see if that's true in our 1987 Calendars.

'Yes, 1987 promises to be a *fantastic* year, what with *Parade* every two weeks, a *Parade Calendar* to relish day in, day out for 365 days, *plus* the new Sunday newspaper, *Sunday Sport* in which I star from time to time.

'You must know about raunchy *Sunday Sport* by now. But if you've been on a desert island, dive deeper in this, your latest *Parade* for more details of this 30 penn'orth guaranteed to cheer up the blackest Sabbath!'

Love,

Zeta

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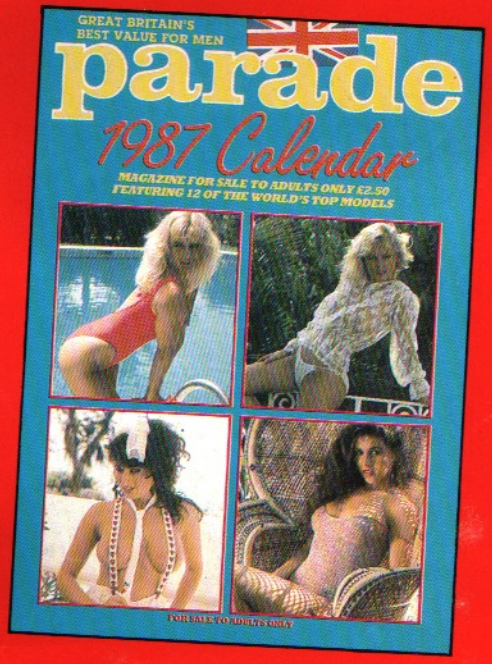

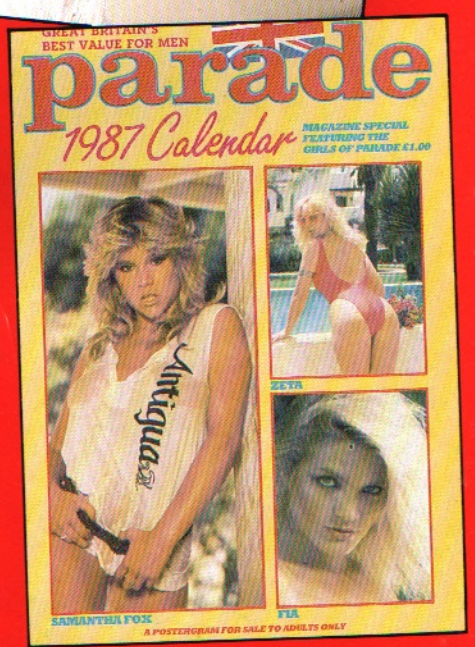

GIRLS! WILL YOUR BOSS LET YOU HAVE PARADE'S £2000 BONUS?

& Do You Dare Enter Parade's Sexy-Secretary-Of-The-Year Contest?

GIRLS!
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Here's Emily who fronts one of the more avant garde design studios in London's Covent Garden, and she's here to inspire bosses and their secretaries to enter Parade's latest fun-event for easy-going, broad-minded, game-for-a-lark funsters.

Yes, if your secretary will permit Parade to come and picture her, um, naked in your office, we'll pay a minimum of £300, whilst the sexiest secretary pictured by Parade in the next six months will get a £2000 modelling contract with guaranteed modelling assignments in exotic, tropical locations!

From this moment on, our Secretary Of The Year contest is *on*. Look out for more secretary birds and turn-on typists and raunchy receptionists who've already volunteered to take part in Parade's latest cheeky contest, every fortnight in your 95p wonder! Simply post the tear-off coupon nearby for full details of how *you* can enter our sensational £2000 contest. It's better than luncheon vouchers, ain't it?

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Mail to Parade's Secretary Contest Box 171/London E.11.

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BY THE WRITE, PARADERS!

YOUR AMAZING LETTERS TO PARADE'S HOSTESS ZETA – & EVERY ONE A FREE SUBSCRIPTION WINNER!

Zeta, Parade's Hostess, Writes Back To Her Parade Pen Pals:
'Thanks for all your lovely lecherous letters to Parade, and please keep 'em coming.
Every letter that gets into print in pulsating Parade wins a free year of Parade, rushed by mail to the address you give us.
So it's well worth your while letting me know what you think about Parade's qualities – and where you think we go wrong too! And letters about what *you've* been up to are even more welcome.
Here's my address for your lusty letters and naughty notes:
ZETA/BY THE WRITE, PARADERS/PARADE
50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD
LONDON N.1/ENGLAND

Please, *Parade*...don't be like other magazines and start an endless debate in your letters pages about shaven-v-non-shaven pussies' assets.

It's a great big bore and most of us don't mind if a fanny is like a jungle or utterly shaven as long as it's *available*.

V.L. Herts.

Both lots are catered for in this Parade, *Vic, but we see your point.*

And for half-shaven haven fanciers, *here are two pics from our sidekick magazine* Adult Fantasy *(this month's issue) in which Sheila stars. You'll see how to get your mits on this mighty monthly treat for guys whose sexual imaginations want to run riot, elsewhere in this* Parade. ►

BY THE WRITE, PARADERS!

Why do so many girls with mighty mams have to have faces like the backs of buses? I have noticed this in *Parade* as well as other mags, where girls, as long as they breast the tape at forty inches *plus*, don't have to have any other qualifications at all!

Tom Y. Leicteser.

Not true, Tom. Just look at this month's star bra-bursters. And here also is a sneak preview of April from your next Parade *who's great in every department.*

Just make sure of this forthcoming fleshtival for whopper-worshippers where you got this Parade, because we might not have your 'free sub' organised in time.

TWO TO TITILLATE TOM!

As you know, Paraders, no self respecting lady likes to be followed along the street, but this was exactly how my husband picked me up when he first clapped eyes on me!

I was walking back to my car after a business lunch, when I became aware of footsteps a few paces behind. Very conscious of the fact my white two-piece suit was a little on the tight side, I tried to reduce the wiggle in my walk, but to no avail. You see, while my bottom isn't fat, it's a real "wobbler", and men, it seems, just can't take their eyes off it!

Anyway, I looked around in time to catch this lecherous man, staring at me.

"The time to worry's when nobody looks at you," he said arrogantly.

Ah, one of life's philosophers! I felt myself go red (with anger, rather than embarrassment) and walked on, but still the guy followed me.

I could feel him undressing me as I walked, eyes glued to my pantie-line. I imagined him thinking his filthy thoughts, wondering what I looked like in black stockings, or sprawled across a bed with a big cock in my mouth. Damn! Why wouldn't he leave me alone?

Even as I fumbled with the keys to get in my car, he was standing there, watching my every move. Now almost totally flustered, I made a hash of slipping elegantly into the driver's seat, giving the stranger a prize view of my black silk pantie-crotch.

"Well, are you going to let me take you out to dinner tonight, or not?" he asked, putting his knee in the door jamb to prevent me driving off. "I don't give up easily, you know."

"Can you *afford* the Mirabelle, and Annabelle's afterwards?" I said, trying to call his bluff (and knowing full well you can't get into Mirabelle without prior booking, nor get into Annabelle's without membership).

"I'd prefer La Gavroche and Tramp, but each to his own," he said, grinning maddeningly.

I looked him up and down, He was a good looker, fair enough - and a pretty smooth talker. Should I risk a date with him?

"Well to be perfectly honest with you, I've never eaten at either of those places," I said. "But there's a super new Greek place just opened in Battersea Park Road, near where I live. You can take me there, if you like. It's called Jimmy's. I'll see you there at eight".

There was something about this man that excited me. True, he was randy and on the make, but there was a kind, considerate side to his nature that I found very appealing - almost as appealing as the bulge I detected in the inside leg of his lightweight suit.

Frankly, I don't remember a thing about our first meal together - or indeed if I ate anything at all. We drank glass after glass of Retsina, looking romantically into each other's eyes, brushing knees under the table.

Later, we progressed to Ouzo and Metaxa, and by the time we staggered out into the street, we were uncontrollably hot for each other. Rather than risk driving, we walked the few hundred yards to my front door, Tony cupping my bottom with his big hand all the while, thrilling to the swing of my hips.

For a while we stood in the porch, necking, the swell of his erection digging into my belly, I'd never in my life slept with a man on a first date, but such was my desire for Tony, my pussy was moistening within the tight, hot confines of my silk Janet Regers.

"Aren't you going to invite me in for coffee?" Tony said.

"Coffee?" I repeated. "You can think about coffee at a time like this?"

I just knew Tony was going to be a dirty lover - I could tell by the way he'd looked at me over dinner.

'I just knew Tony was going to be a dirty lover'

'He had me strip down to my black stocking'

Sure enough, no sooner had we walked into my front room than he was on me. Or rather, in front of me, kneeling on the carpet, his head up my white pleated skirt, chewing at my pantie-crotch, saturating it with saliva.

"God," I panted, as he tugged my panties aside and started slobbering over my clit. "When was the last time you had it? You're an animal..."

Even as I talked, he was fumbling with his trousers, and seconds later I felt the smooth underside of his cock against my stockinged calf. It felt good. Glancing downwards, I took a peek. It was big - bloody big!

Considering we were absolute strangers, it was an amazing first fuck - amazing in its mind-blowing bestiality (well, how else do you describe animal lust?). In those days, my pride and joy was a black, waxy old Chesterfield I'd bought at nearby Lots Road Auctions for the grand sum of £75. It was exquisitely comfortable, and, now I think about it, just made for fucking on. Not that *Tony* was interested in fucking me ON it. No, that was too conventional for his tastes!

Instead, he had me strip down to my black silk stockings and sit astride one of the opulently-padded arms, like I was astride a saddle. He then instructed me to lean forward, my back to him. Heaven knows what I looked like from where he stood, holding that big cucumber of a cock ready to shove up me. Like something from *Color Climax*, I imagine!

"You dirty bastard!" I panted as he licked all around my pouting puss. "You're getting me all hot and bothered!"

But the sight of my privates so lewdly displayed was apparently too much for him to bear, because the next thing I knew, his huge dick was up me to the hilt, thumping in and out of my tight twat like a great piston.

I soon climaxed, screaming and wailing, like I'd never climaxed before. It was obvious, Tony and I were just made for each other, and indeed, we were married less than three months later. We've been married a year now, and we're still fucking like rabbits.

And when we're not fucking, I'm wanking Tony off over *Parade* centrefold girls. Keep up the good work, you dirty devils!

Melanie, London SW18.

And now you'll be able to get your Parade Kicks free for a year!

Every Friday evening, Paula (the girl with whom I share my Fulham flat) and I invite some boys around after closing time, for drinks and other of life's little pleasures.

Sometimes - well, nearly every time, actually - we get hopelessly drunk and all pile into the bedroom for naughty fun and games. Last Friday, for example, Paula and I fucked with no fewer than five boys, right through until 4 a.m.

Paula, drunk as a skunk, challenged me to see how many stiff pricks I could get in my mouth. Once, I saw a disgusting Danish porn film, in which a girl crammed three giant ones in her mouth, but as I'm known in this part of Fulham as a real big mouth, I thought I could probably beat that.

Anyway, I hope you are pleased with the photograph, which provides once and for all my inability to keep my mouth shut, even in the most delicate of situations...

Cynthia, London SW6.

You shouldn't send snaps like that through the post, Cynthia! However, it instantly persuaded us to give you a free year of Parade!

FREE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO PARADE

Thanks for all the 'Page Three' girls in *Parade* and I hope you'll be starring sensational Su Lee again before too long.

She might not be boringly top-heavy like Samantha Fox or Debbee Ashby, but from the *all-over* point of view she's by far the most come-hither crumpet ever to have revealed her all in *Parade*, or the *Sun* or anywhere else.

Eric B. Liverpool.

A lot of Paraders agree with you, Eric and here are some glimpses of Sue's great comeback cavalcade scheduled for your next Parade but one.

And if you can't wait a week or three, look out for her in our new sidekick magazine Park Lane *this month. At only £1 a go, Park Lane is an 'extra' you can afford, even in these troubled times.*

Turn to page 50

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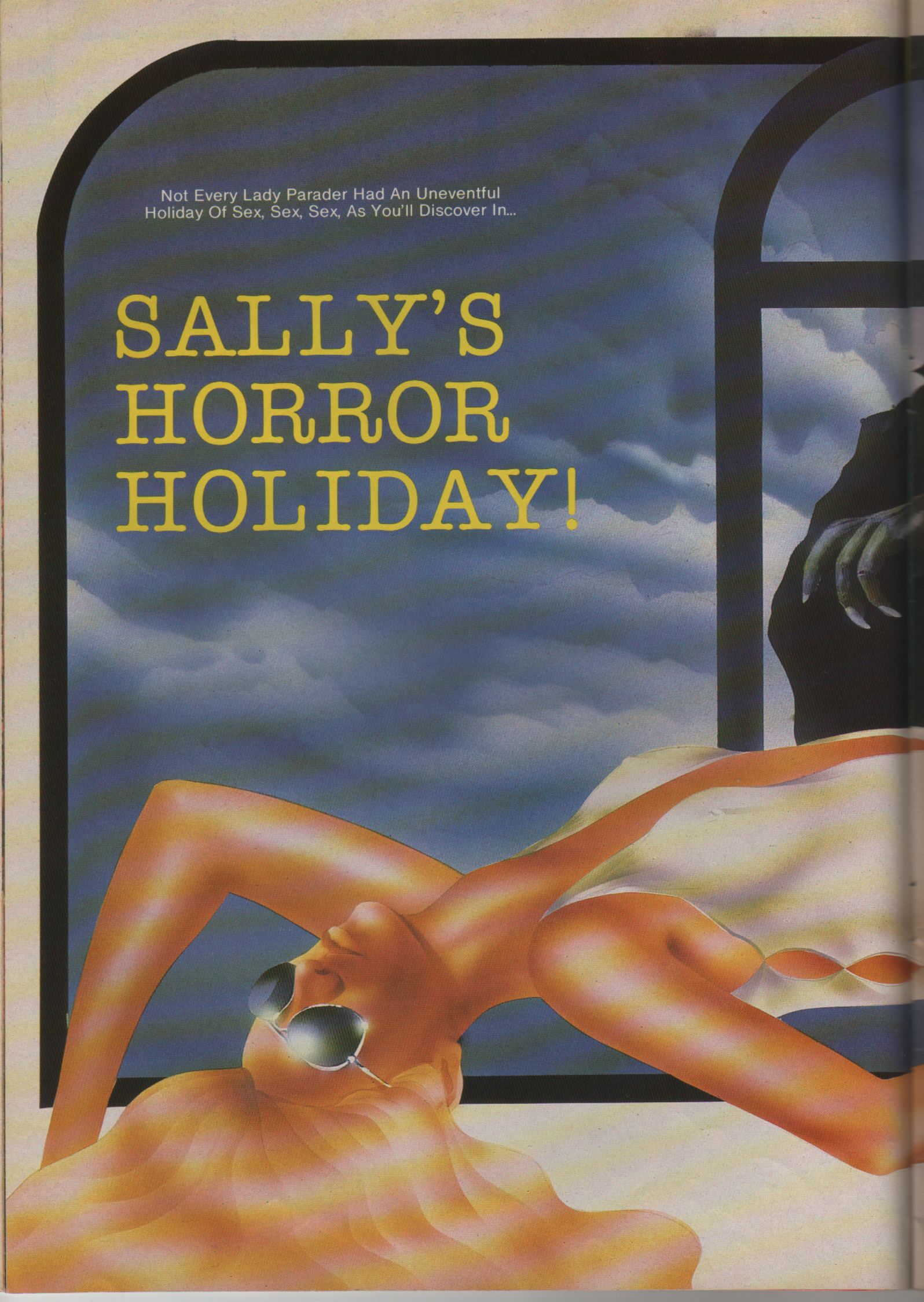
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Holiday Of Sex, Sex, Sex, As You'll Discover In...
SALLY'S
HORROR
HOLIDAY!

SALLY'S HORROR HOLIDAY!

Parade's been asking for horny holiday memoirs from our fans, especially lady Parade ravers.
But to be honest, even Parade was taken aback by Sally's sensual account of her horror holiday, when a Transylvanian treat turned into a ghoulishly erotic encounter for this young wife and her hubby, from Basildon, Essex!

Disturbing effect? No horror movie ever had a disturbing effect on me. Quite the opposite, in fact. All through my teens I fantasised on being nibbled by Dracula, or being lured to Baron Frankenstein's castle for a night's humping with Igor!

But the fact remains, there *is* something curiously erotic about the early Bela Lugosi/Lon Chaney epics, and I've always wanted to take a holiday in Transylvania with some handsome man and rent a dingy room in a gothic castle, with a four-poster, naturally, and faded velvet drapes, and murky portraits on the walls, and a view of the forests and mountain-tops from the stained glass windows, and –

"Well? How about it?" asked James, sitting up in bed one Sunday morning, perusing the *Times*.

"Not now, Darling, I'm in the middle of making breakfast," I said, mindful of the poached eggs about to turn to rubber in the downstairs kitchen.

"I'm not advocating intercourse, you insatiable slut!" said James, sarcastically. "I'm referring to our holiday: *Experience the mystery and magic of Transylvania, Romania's Province of the Damned. 10 days for £230 including accommodation at Castle Drovna, a 14th Century turreted fantasy.* Not bad, huh?"

"Well, it sounds a sight more imaginative than the Hotel Alfonse in Benidorm," I said, rummaging in last night's pile of frantically discarded clothing for my panties. "But what about the weather?"

"*Fog, thunder and lightning guaranteed,* it says here" continued James. "What do you say?"

"Why ever not?" I replied approvingly, keen for the opportunity to enact some of my wilder sex fantasies. "That seems an excellent idea."

And then, rushing back upstairs after discovering the poached eggs were indeed fit to be served (across Wimbledon No. 1 Court). "Now, what say we have a little doggie-style nookie to celebrate your brainwave?"

James' prick is always as hard as a rock in the morning, and as he slipped it up me from behind, grabbing my hips and beginning to thrust, I looked forward to having access to it for ten days and nights, very much indeed. Just so long as he remembered to drive his stake between my legs and not into my heart...

The flight to Romania, three weeks later, was just awful, and when we disembarked at Bucharest airport in the pouring rain, I'd have given anything to be on the blistering tarmac at Valencia. No sooner had we collected our luggage from the baggage carousel, than a hand tapped me on the shoulder. I swung around, to come face to midriff with an absurdly tall, gangly, hollow-cheeked individual – surely one of the living dead!

"Miss Wakely? Mr Johnson? My name is Vlad, your *Ghoul Tours* rrreprrresentatiff. I take your sinks and show you to ze carrr".

For almost an hour we drove through the dull, depressing suburbs of the capital city, and headed North into the mountains. In a little town called Ramnicu Valtea we stopped at a run-down little cafe for lunch – a thin, vegetable gruel, slices of salt beef, sauerkraut, and tea made with Carnation Milk.

Sensing James' spirits were about to plummet, I suggested we creep out to the loo for a quick hand-job, until James pointed out that the two boy scouts sitting at the table were soldiers, and that our doomy guide was in all probability a goverment agent. Decadent Westerners caught engagin' in hanky panky in Romanian khazis might well find themselves on the next plane home.

"Come! Ve go!" said our unsmiling driver, who James now referred to as Wally. "It soon be dark. *Verrry* dark."

As we drove, due North the roads narrowed and the overhanging pine forest grew thicker by the minute. And indeed, within ten minutes it was as black as pitch. As the engine of the ancient saloon began to labour under the strain of the steep mountainside gradients, a sudden, blindingly brilliant flash of lightning illuminated the mountain top up ahead, on top of which sat the turreted Castle Drovna in all it gothic glory.

Unfortunately, the lightning also revealed James' fingers embedded deep within my pantie-gusset, via the driver's cunningly positioned rearview mirror...

"I think we'd better save this until later" I said, tapping James' rock-hard bulge affectionately.

There was no denying it – the Romanian Tourist Board had excelled themselves. The creaking castle door was answered by the ugliest hunchback in Transylvania, the front desk was fashioned from three coffins dovetailed together, and the Manager's makeup job was a fair-to-middling copy of Lugosi's Saturday Nite Special.

"I am Count Vankenstein" he announced, in a gutteral tongue.

"Count Vot?" said James, teasingly.

"*Vank*-enstein?" he replied. "You prefer Frank to Vank?"

"Oh, I enjoy a good vank, every now and zen," said James, giggling, as the hunchback took our luggage.

"Poor guy," I said, as we followed Igor along the ice cold stone corridors. "Having to wear all that makeup all day long, and some yobbo from Basildon starts taking the piss. How would you feel?"

"Like zis!" said James, putting his hands up the back of my skirt and goosing my bottom.

Our room was the whole top floor of the East turret, a hotch-potch of Romanian relics of varying vintage. As Igor dropped the bags on the four-poster, dust clouds puffed from the quilt, which sent James into yet more fits of giggles.

"I've got a hunch we're going to enjoy this," he said, tossing a coin to the poor wretch, whose glare indicated he knew more than a smattering of Inglese. And we both collapsed, hooting with laughter, on the bed.

"Darling, it's beautiful!" I said, standing at the window.

"I know. Makes John Holmes' look

'I suggested we creep out to the loo for a quick hand job'

Turn to page 57

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Just look at the dreary snap of Casie Mills overleaf, before, Parade's make-up artistes and cunning cosmeticians got to work on her.

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And if this before-and-after showcase thrills you as much as it does Parade, then you're sure to share our pleasure in our sidekick mag called *Adult Fantasy*.

Each and every month, they feature one or more cavalcades devoted to turn-on transformations like our showcase of Parade-loving Casie.

So if you'd like to see more very ordinary girls-in-the-street turned into sultry seductresses, hand the coupon in Casie's debut cavalcade to your news-agent. Then watch your wildest fantasies come true, before your very eyes!

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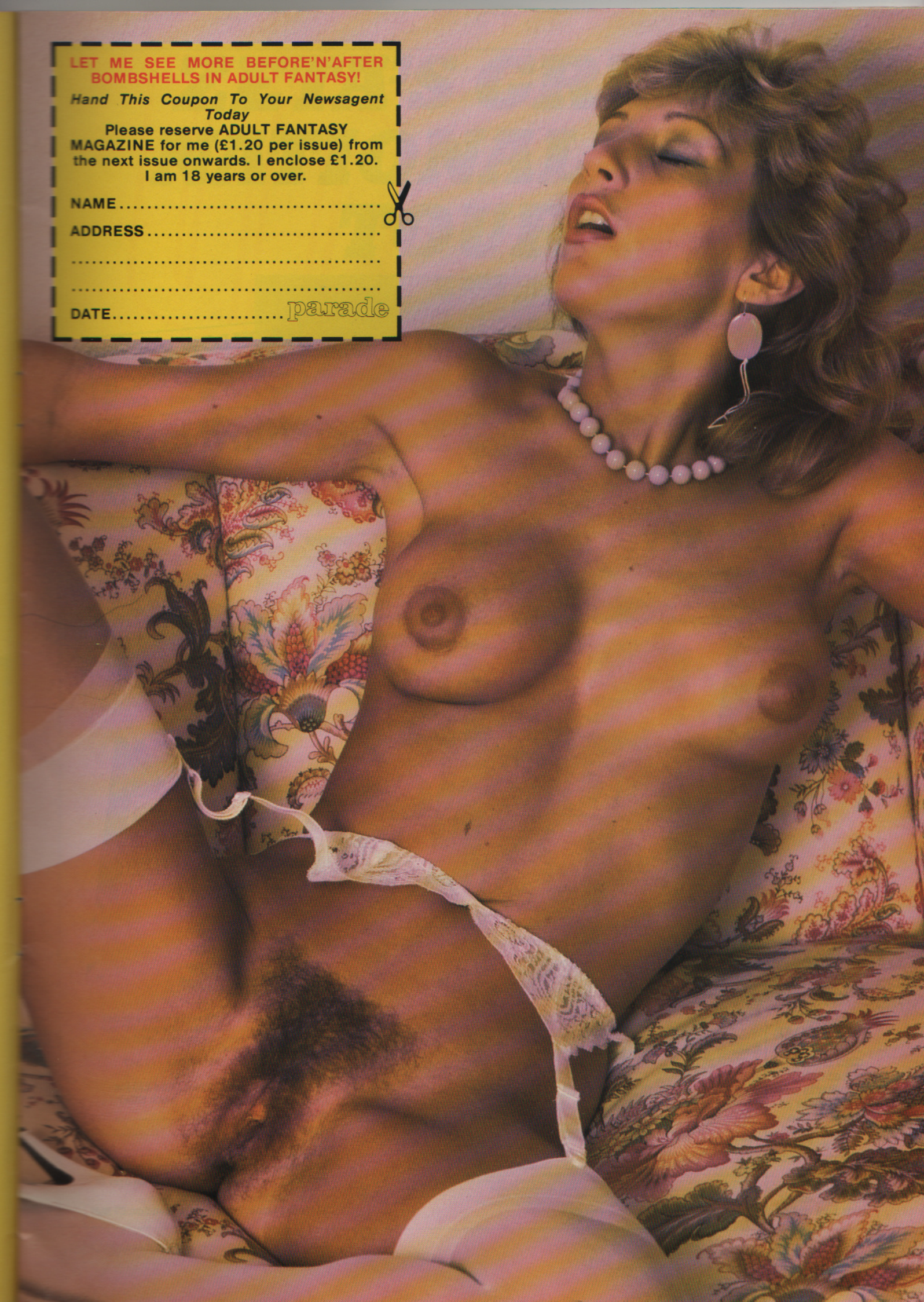
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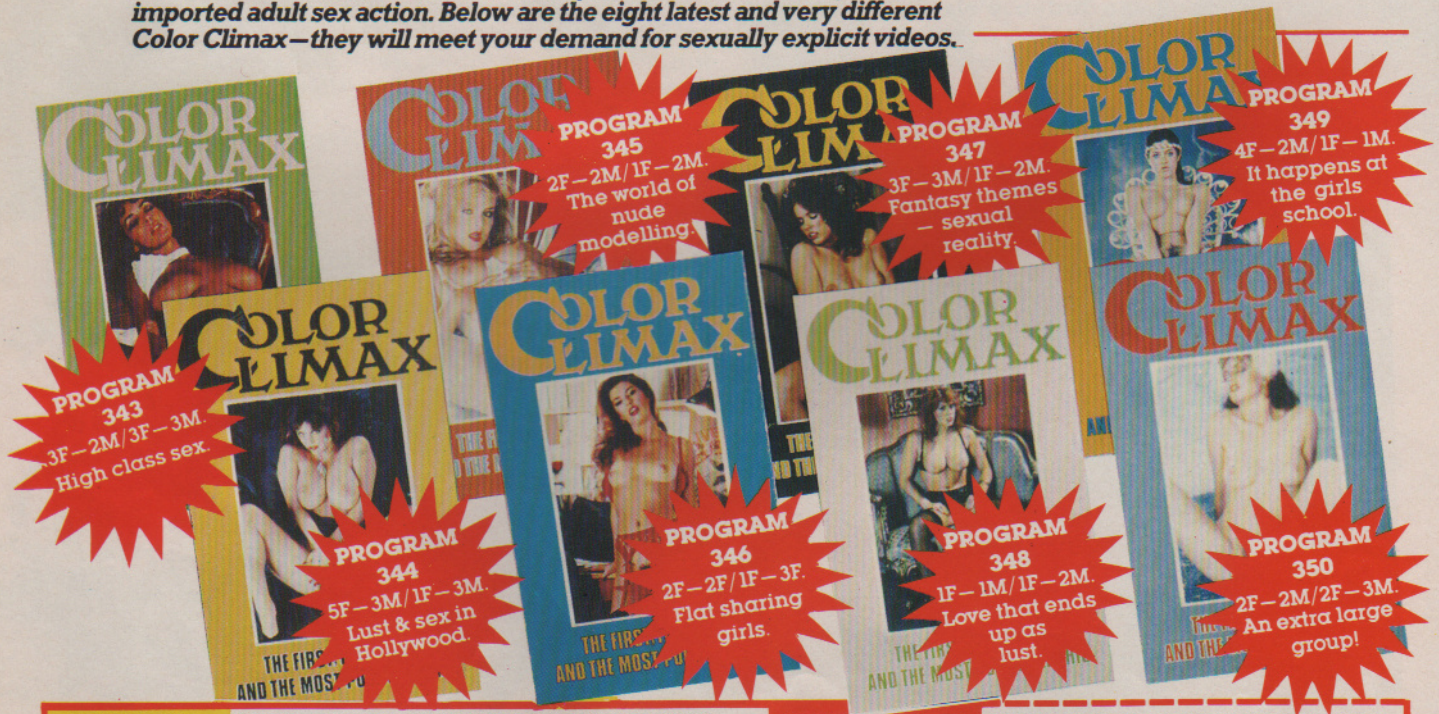

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ZETA'S NATION-WIDE SEX TOUR!

The Isle Of Wight, Portsmouth Docks, Wandsworth...where will your Parade Editor's tour of Britain's most exotic locations end, you might well ask yourself?

Well, this time, it's the turn of Kilburn in north-west London to receive our roaming, raunchy Zeta ever determined to get to know her thousands of fans that much better.

Now Kilburn on the North West frontier, is famous for its Irish population and indeed zingy Zeta does get it together pulsatingly with a Paddy.

But how then does she end up with a Chinese taxidriver on her trip to London N.W.3? Read on, as they say, and all will be revealed!

Something of a Beatles fan, that's me. I invested some of my modelling money in the first auction of Beatles memorabilia at Christie's, five years ago (some mint condition Quarrymen 45's) and I'm assured they've appreciated in value considerably.

However, my interest in the Beatles lies deeper than mere acquisitiveness. Last week, for example, I found myself with a spare afternoon after supervising a Parade Modelling session over in Camden Town, so I took a cab up to Abbey Road, in search of the legendary pedestrian crossing of album sleeve fame.

I was half way across it, in fact, when I was almost run over by an idiot at the wheel of a Toyota MR2. He leapt out, burbling apologetically, and I was stunned to discover he was an absolute dead-ringer for the *young* George Harrison!

"I think you'd better take me for a good, stiff drink," I said, feeling myself start to tremble. "I think I'm in shock!"

"Don't tell me," the young stranger said, as we headed North, feeling me stare at his profile. "I'm George

Turn to page 66

PARADERS CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF NEWSPAPER KNOCKOUT CARINA ROMA!

FLIGHT PATH

IT's not that
ago when
Roma would
her typewri
ing about
career . .
time mad
Now
18, from
don is
dream
pores
Spa

It can't be so long ago that we persuaded Carina Roma to go full length, minimal pubes and all, for the first time for 95p Parade, the magazine that delivers so many of your 'Page Three' stars and Starbirds, full length in glossy full colour.

Is it those delectable half-shaven bits of Carina that drive Paraders crazy, or simply her lovely 19 year old *all-over* appeal? We can't tell, but simply report we got hundreds, no thousands of requests for more, more, more of this teenaged ex-Accounts Clerk.

parade

So back she came to Parade, and here's an exclusive new look at comely Carina looking at her loveliest.
And don't forget, Paraders, that each and every fortnight now, we deliver your newspaper favourites in full – not cut off, not beknickered, but *all* there.
So what better reason could you have for becoming a priority Parade *postal* subscriber, simply by posting the tear-off slip in Carina's delectable slot?

parade

YES! I NEED MORE LIKE TOP STAR CARINA ROMA
So please rush me PARADE every two weeks for the next 10 issues by mail, plainly wrapped and securely sealed, of course.
I am 18 years or over.
I enclose my cheque/postal orders for £10 to include priority postage and packing.
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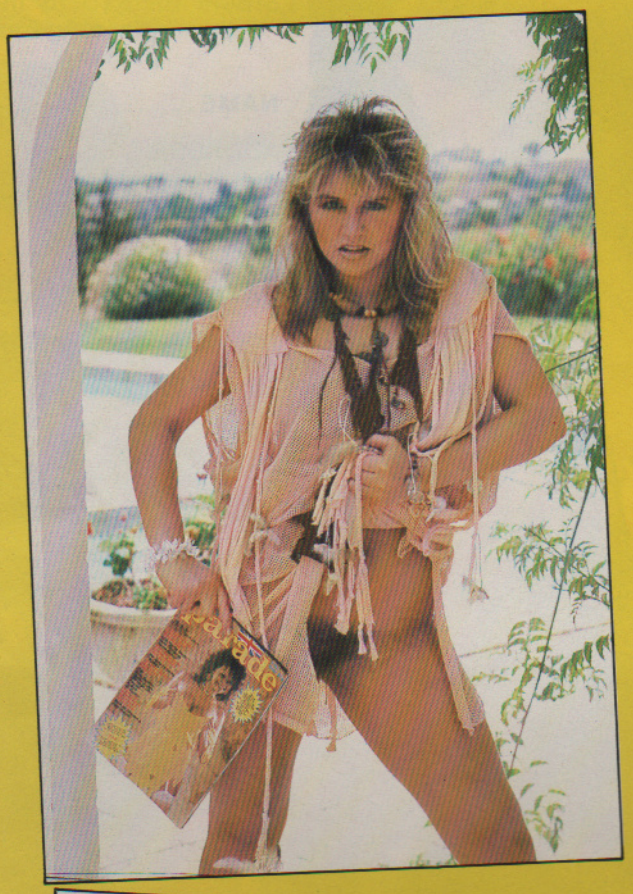
PARADE IS ONLY A STEPPING STONE TO STARDOM FOR JULIE JENSON!



Parade was a bit put out when we discovered that starring in fortnightly Parade and being our *Parade Crowd-Puller* wasn't the be-all-and-end-all for shapely Yorkie, Julie Jenson.

Okay, so she's starred in your regular daily newspaper, but she has yet to be selected to reveal her talents in new Sunday newspaper, 30p *Sunday Sport*. And *that's* where this 36-25-37 stunner longs to be. And she knows that Sunday Sport's editors take a lot of notice of the knockout talent in *Parade* (which newspaper doesn't nowadays?) and so that's why she's revealed her all.

Now we know that Julie's almost sure of a slot in this raunchy new rival to all those tired old Sunday scandal sheets and so if you'd like more of Yorkshire-born Ms Jenson (one of *ten* titillators in every issue of *Sunday Sport*), maybe you'd better hand the coupon in Julie's cavalcade to your newsagent *today*.

parade

Parade

MAKE SURE I GET A TASTE OF SUNDAY SPORT, MR NEWSAGENT!

I get the message about what Sunday Sport is all about. Please reserve 30p Sunday Sport for me from next Sunday onwards.

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Hand this coupon to your newsagent!

PARADE
CROWD
PULLER
Julie
Jenson
parade

WHILE YOU WERE LYING ON THAT SPANISH BEACH, GUESS WHAT WAS GOING ON & COMING OFF IN THE HOTEL CAR PARK?

Parade had a fantastic Summer sexcursion time to Spain this year.

For a start, lovely lithe Lucinda here (who's a top fashion mannequin when she's not feeling frisky, Parade-style) and bouncy, bosomy Lindy Gale came along, just for the ride.

Actually they were working at Parade's secret modelling location in Spain's poshest bit. But even when the day's sexy shooting was over, there was no stopping this daredevil duet.

For a start, they loved proving the most unlikely locations could be fun-centres.

CAR PARK CAPERS WITH PARADE!

And it was great fun watching parking cars crashing into each other while leggy Lucinda and chubby, chesty, oh-so-chewable Gale revealed their most come-hither bits draped over the motors.

And their fun'n'games might well inspire *you* to take part in Parade's Great Holiday Snaps contest where we plan to showcase the best and sexiest snaps Paraders took on their 'holly' this year.

As you can see from Lucinda and Gale, we don't necessarily want sun, sea, sand and sex in those pictures you took on holiday. We just want to see the sex bit!

Post the tear-off slip nearby for more details of Parade's Great Holiday Snaps Contest. Prizes? Of course there are bumper prizes for saucy holiday snappists! What else would you expect from Parade?

parade

PLEASE
RUSH ME MORE
DETAILS OF PARADE'S
HOLIDAY SNAPS CONTEST!
Name.....
Address.....
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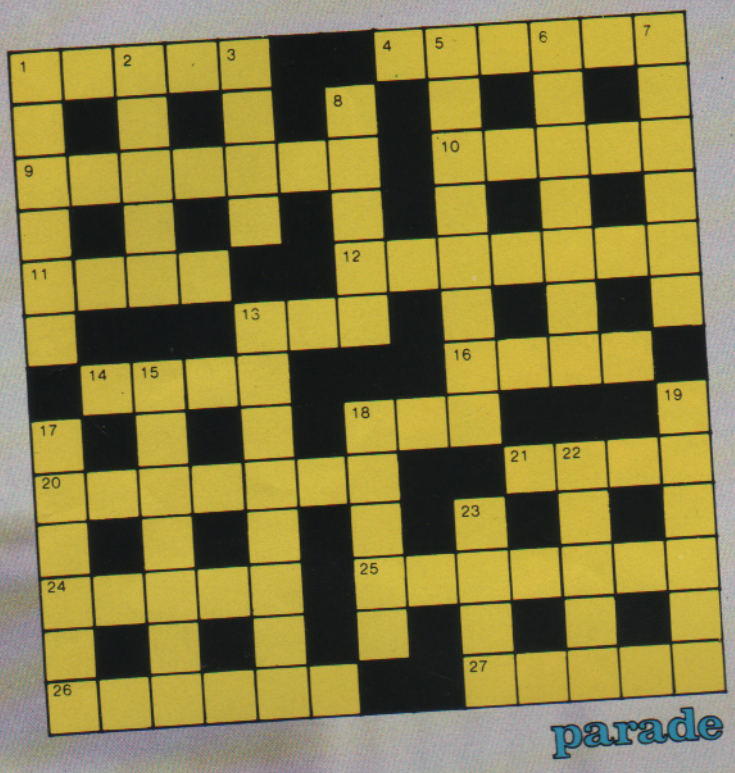
Post This Coupon To Parade At: 50 Eagle Wharf Road, London N.1.

SOMETHING ELSE TO GET YOUR TEETH INTO!

In between looking after boob-hungry members of the Double-D Bounce Club (see more details of *that* elsewhere in this *Parade*), fortyeight-inch chested sensation Candy Samples loves making up crosswords, and it's this cleavage queen's creation that's here to stir *your* grey matter this time round. As usual the answers are upside down in the corner, so you can check your crossword ability later on. But don't harm Candy's knockout nipples if you decide to cut out the answers and check your crossword skill later, will you?



ACROSS

1: The way horny ladies like to see 18 Down (5). 4: A slight convexity you might notice when doing it in the road (6). 9: To beg for it (7). 10: To an Indian, a master (5). 11: Clothing (4). 12: To drive crazy (7). 13: Arse (3). 14: Stupor, as when 13 Across presses too hard on your face (4). 16: To cease to have (4). 18: To a Scouse, fish and finger... (3). 20: What a guy might do on top of a well oiled gal (7). 21: It's usually big, its core is hard and it sticks up (4). 24: A town in Egypt; a man, of sorts, in The Maltese Falcon (5). 25: Most of our male readers, we reckon (7, or 4, 3). 26: Required for a fix, darn it (6). 27: Beyond recovery (5).

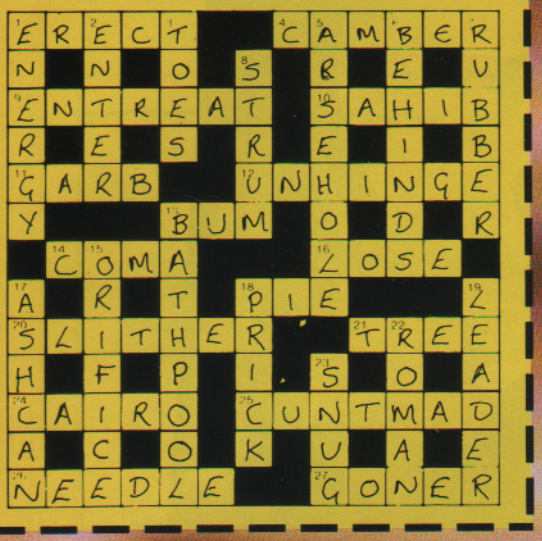
DOWN

1: Needed for strenuous fuck (6). 2: What an erect penis is inclined to do to a wet vagina (5). 3: Many a randy wife likes to keep a husband on his .... (4). 5: The centre of 13 Across (8). 6: A load of 13 Acrosses (7). Suitable casing for a hard-on (6). 8: What an unskilled guitar player does (5). 13: Small body of water for washing in (4, 4). 15: Mouth-like opening, such as a cunt (7). 17: Receptacle for household refuse (3-3). 18: Us guys have got one but we don't like being called one (5). 19: Boss man (6). 22: Any printing type not italic; and yet - connected to Italy (5). 23: As a bug in a rug (4).

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. ERECT. 4: CAMBER. 9: ENTREAT. 10: SAHIB. 11: GARB. 12: UNHINGE. 13: BUM. 14: COMA. 16: LOSE. 18: PIE. 20: SLITHER. 21: TREE. 24: CAIRO. 25: CUNTMAD. 26: NEEDLE. 27: GONER.

DOWN: 1: ENERGY. 2: ENTER. 3: TOES. 5: ARSEHOLE. 6: BEHINDS. 7: RUBBER. 8: STRUM. 13: BATH POOL. 15: ORIFICE. 17: ASH-CAN. 18: PRICK. 19: LEADER. 22: ROMAN. 23: SNUG.



adultmagz.top

Continued from page 13

BY THE WRITE, PARADERS!

Am I one of the few people in the whole world who doesn't fancy Tracey Neves! I see you've threatened to bring back 'bosomy bombshell' Ms Neves yet again in *Parade* and I think she's been utterly overexposed in men's magazines already. **Ralph F. Nottingham.**

You aren't just one of the few anti-Tracey folk around, Ralph. As far as we can tell you're the only guy in the anti-Tracey brigade, and outsize charmer Tracey is indeed returning to Parade with an even-more-magnificently uncensored showcase any month now.

In view of that, we suppose you don't want your free year of Parade!

"Dad, this is Rodney - Rodney, this is my dad."

I have been a big *Parade* fan for years now, and I'm pleased to see the conspicuous improvements in recent issues.

As for the centrespread girl in the last issue, I'd give my right arm to spend just ten minutes with her. She's the sexiest little tart I've ever clapped eyes on!

Now, while I'm a dedicated bird-chaser and porno mag collector, I've got to say that I was really pissed off by a recent family trip to Amsterdam. Like many broadminded couples these days, we don't exactly object to hardcore porn, but we were really embarrassed to see pictures of explicit sex acts in sex shop windows, right slap dab in the middle of the tourist area. It was even more embarrassing, seeing other families with kids, who suddenly found themselves confronted by this shit.

Much as I enjoy a bit of smut now and again, I firmly believe it should be sold discreetly. Amsterdam is one sick city, if you ask me, choking to death on its own liberalism.

You see people smoking dope in restaurants (soft drugs are legal), prostitutes flaunting themselves in illuminated shop windows, and from what I can gather, hard drugs are available in such abundance, they fetch a fraction of the street price

FREE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO PARADE

'I went home all sticky'

'I unzipped my tiny black PVC skirt'

FREE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO PARADE

they would in London.

The tragedy is that Amsterdam is a beautiful city, but despite the fact it's rotten to the core, it's still being hyped by travel agents as a suitable venue for cheap family holidays.

Terry. Milton Keynes.

It is possible to go to Amsterdam and see nothing *unsavoury, Terry. We suspect you searched it out, more that somewhat!*

I just love going to late night parties by myself, wearing the shortest, tightest, most revealing outfits imaginable. Perhaps it comes from reading too many *Parades.*

I'm proud to say I've got a lovely figure, and parties represent my one big chance to show it off to maximum advantage.

I happen to be a good dancer, too, and the more boys who sit around and stare, the more outrageous I become. Small wonder other girls hate me!

The best party I ever went to, I looked so dishy, my presence was enough to frighten off all the female opposition. I was dancing alone in the centre of some dingy, smoke-filled room when some bright spark went and pulled the amplifier plug out. Then, evidently at a prearranged signal, the six or seven boys sitting around, suddenly removed their trousers and started playing with themselves!

"Is that all you're capable of doing – wanking?" I said, contemptuously. "You think you're going to freak me out that way? I'm not frightened of a few cocks, you know!"

So saying, I unzipped my tiny, black PVC skirt, unbuttoned my blouse, peeled off my panties, and stood there in just my stockings, high heeled shoes and suspender belt.

The sight of all those hard cocks was tremendously flattering, so I vowed to repay the compliment with a real, sleazy stripper routine, walking around the room, wiggling my bottom, massaging my breasts and making my nipples stiff and rubbery, and frigging my insatiable little clitoris.

"Come and suck me off, then!" challenged some yob, sitting in an armchair, brandishing his hard-on like a baseball bat.

So, I got down on my knees in front of him and started sucking him off like a true slut, deliberately slurping and gobbling and dribbling all over him.

It was no surprise, therefore, when, in the middle of this cock-suckig exhibition, I felt a pair of hands on my arse and the tip of a stiff cock nudging my wet cunt from behind.

The next thing I knew, someone turned the light out and I found myself being manhandled onto the moth-eaten old sofa, where, for the next half an hour or so, I was fucked and sucked and fingered in every way imaginable. I went home all sticky with cum, but very happy indeed!

Monica, Kent

So it was you *at that party, Monica! You definitely deserve a free twelve months of Parade.*

I don't think Parade is nearly *educational* enough! Why don't you *instruct* your readers a bit more? For instance, perhaps one of the most versatile words in the entire English language is 'fuck'. The word 'fuck' is a magical word, merely by its intonation one can covey pain, pleasure, love and hate. 'Fuck' covers many grammatical categories, it can be used as a verb, both intransitive, (*Dave fucked Anne*) or transitive, (*Anne was fucked by Dave*), as an adverb, (*Anne is a good fuck*) and also an adjective, (*Anne is fucking beautiful*).

As you can see there are few words with the versatility of 'fuck'. Besides sexual inference there are also the following connotations:

GREETING ..... Where the fuck have you been?
FAREWELL..... Fuck-off!
FRAUD ..... I've been taken for a fucking ride.
DISMAY ..... Oh' fuck it.
TROUBLE ..... Fucking Hell!
AGGRESSION ... Go and fuck yourself.
DIFFICULTY..... I don't fucking get this?
DEMOTIVATION ... Fuck this for a game of soldiers.
DISPLEASURE ... What's fucking going on?
INCOMPETENCE ... That's fucked that up.
LOSS..... Where the fuck are we?
RETALIATION ... Sort the fucker out yourself.
PROTEST ..... You've got more chance of being struck by fucking lightning.

And then there are 'famous' fucks like:

Custer's last words...Where did those fucking Indians come from!

Captain of the Titanic...Full speed ahead and fuck the icebergs!

Mayor of Hiroshima... What the fucking hell was that bang?

So you see, even Parade could leave its readers knowing more than they did before opening your pages!

D.S. Essex.

Thanks for the erotic instruction, Dick and you definitely deserve your free year of Parade for that lesson in dirty talk!

"I named it after the wife."

'Six or seven boys sitting around suddenly removed their trousers'

'I got down on my knees in front of him'

parade

BY THE WRITE, PARADERS!

Lovely to see outsize Toni airing those outsize talents of hers in Torquay in *Parade*, even though she's a Somerset-born sensation.

Why don't you get her to flash those mighty mams of hers all over England, and give boob fanciers north and south an outsize treat?

Len T. Manchester.

Not a bad notion, Tom and, for a start in Summer, she stunned Londoners with her display in Hyde Park. Here are some glimpses of titillating Toni's display, and you'll see more of her metropolitan mammary flash in Parade's Winter Special *coming into your newsagent soon.*

And note, you'll be getting regular *Parade free for getting your letter into print but not, we fear, 'extras' like that throbber!*

LEN'S MUCH LOVED TWO-SOME!

'I pulled out at the vital moment'

I never knew what it was like to make love until I met the new man in my life. He makes no secret whatsoever of the fact he's only interested in me for my long, shapely legs, my tight bottom, and my big (38") boobs.

Mike's so sex-obsessed, in fact, he's never once taken me to the cinema or out for a meal. All he's interested in is keeping me as his sex slave. Beginning to feel sorry for me? Well *don't*, because the kinkier my lover gets, the more I want his big, hard cock inside me.

Even when my boyfriend is at work, or away at weekends visiting his family, I get desperate, waiting for him to return. I walk around the house in next to nothing, and I play with myself three, maybe four times a day, thinking about him and his lovely body.

And when he eventually comes home, he picks me up, hurls me on the bed, tears my panties away, and buries his bristly face in my crotch, before undressing and screwing me, long and hard.

During the past few weeks we've taken literally hundreds of kinky Polaroids of ourselves "together", and my boyfriend always carries a few of the juiciest ones around with him in his wallet, to show his boozy chums.

The thought of lots of blokes in a pub studying photos of me with a hard cock in my mouth, or being screwed doggie fashion, makes me incredibly randy. Some time in the not-too-distant future, he and I are planning to hold a party, during which I have every intention of availing myself to every cock going.

I've always wanted to be gangbanged, and the thought of doing it while my lover watches is terribly exciting.

Kim, Nottingham.

Parade dosen't understand how you found time to compose your subscription – winning letter, Kim!

I am the proud owner of an immaculate 1954 Austin Healey 100/6, *Parade* – with just 22,000 genuine miles on the clock.

It was my elder brother's from new, and was garaged (on blocks) from 1961 to 1977, so it's one in a million. I've turned down several tempting cash offers for it, and I even declined a straight swap for a Jaguar 3.8 E Type with delivery mileage. (OK, so I'm a loony).

Well, while my treasured sportster has seen precious little tarmac in its 32 years, it's seen a *lot* of pussy! While the ladies in my life might not exactly fall head in heels in love with me at first sight, when they see my car and its unmarked, piped leather bucket seats, they go crazy.

I estimate I've actually screwed more girls in my 100/6 than in my superbly comfortable Heal's bed!

Take Shane, the new lady in my life, for example. She's into the Fifties in a big way (fashion, memorabilia, cars, etc.) and there's something highly arousing about creeping out to the garage with her in the middle of the night, climbing into the Austin-Healey, and slipping my hand between her stockinged thighs.

After finding a rock'n'roll station on the original Pye valve radio (no unoriginal tape decks here, thank you very much!), she unzips my jeans and wanks me off, deliberately splashing my come all over the place.

Shane says she finds the sight of spraying cum "flattering", and after she's mopped-up with a Kleenex, she opens her legs and rubs herself off while I watch, or hold her little flaps open while she fingerfucks herself.

Frankly, you can stuff your boring BMW's and poxy little Jap sports cars right up your arse. You just can't beat Fifties British sports cars for bird-pulling!

Noel, Herts.

Keep the flag flying, Noel, and here's a year of Parade for your patriotism.

FREE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO PARADE

THE HEAT'S ON FOR PARADERS WITH
OUR WINTER WARMERS!

What do these gorgeous group of come-hither Paradames all have in common? What were they all up to, as they aired their assets by Parade's poolside in the mid-summer heat?

Getting in the mood to keep you warm all through in *Winter*, that's what.

Yes, every one of these *Parade* crowd-pullers is a naked star of *Parade's Winter Special* coming onto your newsagent's shelves as the shadows lengthen and you start feeling chilly in your nether regions.

With nearly one hundred pages (in mouthwatering colour all the way, as you've come to expect from *Parade*) *Parade's Winter Special* is just the thing to warm the heart of your cockles during the long nights ahead, especially as these are only a *few* of the flashers there, determined to make your winter the hottest in living memory.

Hand the coupon in this sexion of *Parade* to your newsagent to reserve your copy of much-in-demand *Parade's Winter Special*, so you don't find every copy's been grabbed by other far-sighted Paraders who know a good thing when they see it!

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Continued from page 22

'He upped my skirt around my waist, and unzipped his fly'

like a chipolata." he said, pouring a huge tumbler of duty-free Black Label.

"The view, you animal!" I said, exasperatedly. "Just come and look - it's a full moon."

As I lolled against the tall French window, I got the fright of my life. Without warning, it burst open -but instead of falling 200 feet into the stony valley below, I stumbled out on to a narrow balcony. The view was indeed impressive.

James came and stood behind me, grinding his crotch into the seat of my leather skirt.

"James, really! Do you have to...?" I said, but didn't mean it.

He upped my skirt around my waist, and unzipped his fly, then stuck his cock inside my pantie-gusset, stirring it around until his knob came into contact with the opening of my moist slit. My hands on the stone balustrade, I pushed backwards, absorbing his lovely big cock into the depths of my sex.

"Mmmm, that's nice," I said as he slipped a hand around my waist, down into my panties from the front, and started rubbing my clit, circularly. "I think I'm going to like it here."

We showered and dressed for dinner, James in a suitably ghoulish black dinner jacket, with (a nice touch, this) a black velvet bow tie, shaped like a bat.

I wore a red velvet dress with a big bow at the back, ghoul-white foundation cream, and scarlet lipstick. Bram would have been proud of us.

Dinner was sombre, uneventful, and unpalatable. And not helped one iota by the two old German pooves on the table opposite, fetting and bitching about the meal like a pair of hens.

Luckily, the local wine - a sort of cross between Tokay and Gewurtztraminer - was as pleasant as it was heady, while the dusty old bottle of the local firewater, found gathering dust on the top shelf of the bar, was a revelation: "half-way house between acquavit and mao-tail" to quote James. And it was still only 9.45 p.m.

"Darling," I suggested, lulled by the flickering coal fire in the downstairs bar. "Why don't we get an early night? Besides, I'm feeling a bit frisky...".

"Well, as it's a fifteen minute walk up that bloody freezing spiral staircase, we'd better get going," said James, knocking back another huge measure of *Vlotyl*. "After you, cute ass."

We eventually found our room after a few wrong turnings, and James dragged me on to the bed and had his head up my dress as quick as a rat up a drainpipe.

"Bugger it!" he exclaimed.

"I'd really rather not, thanks all the same," I said primly.

"No, that fucking liquer," he complained. "It's made my mouth as dry as the bottom of a parrot's cage. I'm going down to the bar for a bottle of Evian water! Won't be long."

Soddit, just as I was beginning to enjoy myself! However, James' absence provided a heaven-sent opportunity for me to rummage through my suitcase for my black stockings (James becomes *so* erect when he sees me down to stockings and suspenders!).

I undressed in front of the huge, gilt-framed mirror, clipped the black frilly suspender belt around my waist and peeled on the silk stockings, making sure the seams were straight.

I strolled around the ancient panelled room, frustrated at James' delay, opening drawers, peering at paintings, and generally getting the feel of the place. It really was incredibly spooky - and cold. So cold, in fact, my nipples began to swell and harden, and goose bumps formed on my thighs and forearms. I lay on the enormous four-poster, feeling incorrigibly randy despite the cold, and started to play with myself, desperate for cock.

As I caressed my clit, my attention was taken by a squeaking door hinge. I looked across the room, and, just like in the movies, the door-knob began to turn. I frigged myself even faster as the door creaked open, my heart pounding wildly. A tall, shadowy figure slowly entered the room, and I spread my legs in anticipation.

It was James, attired to absolute perfection as Frankenstein's monster! He looked truly ghastly, threatening, and totally evil as he approached the bed and stood staring at me for at least three minutes.

"Don't you want me, then?" I purred, opening my pussy, then turning over and flaunting my tight arse. "As you're such a beast, you'd better fuck me like one."

And then he was on me, ravishing my body with his powerful hands, biting my nipples, licking my crotch with his long, rasping tongue, rolling me over and over in his crazy passion, licking and sucking my most private places until I was almost swooning with desire.

And then, flipping me over on to my belly with such phenomenal strength I felt like a rag doll, his huge prick was under my arsehole and nudging my wet cunt. It felt bigger than I'd ever known it before, stretching my eager slot to the limit as he plunged it in, remorselessly, over and over again.

"My God!" I wailed, as he gripped my teats and humped his weapon into me. Aren't you *ever* going to stop?"

Fucked to a frenzy, I found myself unceremoniously dropped on to the mattress, flat on my face, utterly shagged-out.

"Darling, you were incredible!" I panted. "I've never known you like it before. And you looked so, so, *ravishing*!"

I looked around, but James had disappeared, no doubt to the bathroom. I looked across the room to see the French windows open, and what looked like an old black cloak draped across the balustrade. A stickler for detail, my James!

"If you're having trouble with the makeup," I shouted across to the bathroom. "I've got some remove in

'James dragged me onto the bed and had his head up my dress as quick as a rat up a drainpipe'

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!

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SALLY'S HORROR HOLIDAY!

'It felt bigger than I'd ever known it before'

my handbag."

At which point someone started knocking at the door. Stupid of me, forgetting the *Do not disturb* sign. I slipped on my robe, and went to answer it.

"Why's it locked? Scared, are we? Who were you shouting at?"

It was James!

"You mean that wasn't you in the Frankenstein get-up?" I asked, utterly appalled and starting to tremble uncontrollably.

"What the hell are you rabbiting on about?" he asked, irritated. "Get a glass, will you? Ugh! What's that musty smell in here?"

"Oh my God! I've just been fucked half way to hell and back by Frankenstein's monster!" I exclaimed, prior to passing out.

I regained consciousness what felt like a month later. James assured me I was out for no more than six seconds. As I regained my focus, I saw him sitting on the edge of the bed, intently studying the label on yet another bottle of Vlotyl.

"I'm a bit rusty on my Romanian," he said. "But from what I can establish, it's the first distillation of the wolfbane berry. Blimey, it must be good stuff, eh? Look what it did to you! If only you knew what you were babbling the second you passed out!"

"Put that filthy stuff away and pour me a Scotch," I said, desperate for a belt. "I can't stop shaking."

We slept late, and went downstairs for breakfast in the coffee shop. We spent the day sightseeing in the mountain villages, and, true to form, when the locals discovered we were staying at Castle Drovna, they put on the obligatory show of being horrified – as were we, at being charged £73 (equivalent) for two bowls of traditional Romanian game stew, and blueberry tart with sheep's yogurt!

The scenery was beautiful, however, and as we strolled in the castle grounds later in the day, I watched the sun slowly sinking behind the Ulcdar mountain range on the horizon, and with some trepidation. I grabbed James' hand and squeezed it.

"Whatever happens, don't leave me tonight," I said.

"Gawd, I suppose it's Dracula's turn tonight, is it?" he said, contemptuously. "And I thought you were into spooky scenes! Come on, let's go and get stuck into the Vlotyl. I've got an idea it'll mix a treat with 7-Up."

The evening was curiously hot for the time of year, and much as I wanted James' rampant cock between my thighs, I couldn't comtemplate anything remotely physical until the big French windows were opened. It was stifling. Unlike the previous night, it was pitch black, the moon lurking behind a clowd.

I lay on the mattress, James on top of me, and lustfully wrapped my legs around his waist.

"Fuck me, my love," I whispered in his ear. "And let's make it a dirty one!"

After twenty minutes or so of the most delicious intimacies, James ejaculated all over my belly (the result of popping out at precisely the wrong moment) and, panting like an exhausted foxhound, staggered out to the bathroom for water.

I looked up, drowsy from my climax...and he was there. *The Son of Saturn.* The leering, demonic Count Dracula, poised to pounce. Too terrified to scream and rooted to the spot by sheer dread, I watched, helpless, as he descended on my naked body, his cobra-like fangs poised for the kill.

Tell me this isn't happening! I struggled to remain conscious. *Tell me it's just a dream!*

As the tall, hooded figure seized my ankles, I yelled for James – but not a sound came from my lips. I looked down, mortified, as he licked the insides of my calves with his obscenely long, glistening tongue, lolling from between the two ivory spikes that were his canines.

Rapidly, he worked his way between my thighs, forcing my knees apart with his white-gloved hands. The sight of my pussy excited him to the point of insanity, and soon he was nibbling my soft skin, less than an inch from my wet sex.

"Not there! Please! I beg of you!"

"Sally? Stop fooling around, will you! Here – have some water."

I opened my eyes. Or rather, opened one eye – very slowly. James was sitting beside me, dabbing the sweat from my brow.

"Why didn't you come when I called?" I asked, shattered by my ghastly ordeal.

"It takes more than that to make me come," he joked, unfeelingly. "So what was it this time? the little green men? I tell you something. This Vlotyl's weirder than magic mushrooms! Fancy another slug before we drop off?"

"I must ask you something first," I said, struggling to remain calm. "*Does* it make you hallucinate, this liquor?"

"Don't be absurd!" James snapped, impatiently. "I was only joking. Here – have a drop."

I knocked back a half-tumbler of the fiery hooch, got out of bed, and walked across the room for my cigarettes. Returning to the bed, the moon suddenly emerged from behind a cloud, filling the room with an eerie light.

There, protruding from the sheets, was a pair of hooves.

James, reincarnated as Sastan himself, leapt from the bed, leering disgustingly, his handsome features distorted by evil, his lovely prick now a monstrous, scaled dagger of a thing. Laughing with a roar that shook the room, he took me by my arms and led me out of the room, along the corridor, down the spiral staircase, into the dining room.

There, at the long refectory table, sat Count Dracula at its head; Igor, Baron Frankenstein, the Marquis de Sade, Vlad Dracul, and countless other members of the Living Dead, torn from peaceful rest to attend this ghastly ritual.

I was taken from Satan's arms, placed on a huge silver salver, and laid on the table, naked, paralysed by fear.

"Eat, my children!" hissed satan. "Feast yourselves!" And a thousand chilly hands descended on my body.

I woke just as the doctor was removing his stethoscope. It must have been many hours later.

This climate is no good forr young peoples," he said. "Take my advice. Next yearr, go somewhere sunny instead."

"Let's pack our things and get the hell out of here," said James, disgruntled.

"That's fine by me!" I shouted from the bathroom, brushing my hair in the mirror.

It was then I saw the two ugly skin punctures in the side of my neck...

parade

'I lay on the mattress, James on top of me'

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

Your Very Own Wives & Girlfriends Bare Their All, Parade-Style!

Trust Parade to go one better than any of our tired old rivals. Now we're starring at least one £250 winner in our 'Raw Recruits' slot for readers' wives, girlfriends and other eager first-time flashers. No wonder our friendly and unfriendly foes are seething with jealousy.

What's more, all Parade's amateurs get paid well over the odds when snaps of them get into print in our pages, and don't forget, amateur snappists, that this isn't about straight-down-the-line allure. We like 'em *all* shapes, sizes and ages at 'Raw Recruits' So let's be seeing your own pictorial masterpieces and mistresspieces on polaroid, in trannies, or prints (we can cope with nearly anything) at:
RAW RECRUITS/PARADE/50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD/LONDON N.1.

Parade-loving Debbie from Doncaster, Yorkshire had us over a barrel when she sent us snaps of herself over an oil drum! She only sent in a trio of snaps, but still this 19 year old more than deserved our £250 accolade as Parade's Raw Recruit Of The Month, don't you agree!

In stark contrast, Miss Ugly comes next, although we bet plenty of Paraders will find much to fancy in Hilda's expansive 29 year old assets. And note, if you have someone you'd be happy to nominate as Miss Ugly 1986 (with her permission, of course) Parade's all ears! ►

NOW WITH OUR PARADE RAW RECRUIT-OF-THE-MONTH £250 WINNER!

BUT THIS ISN'T HER!

Parade's looked after shaven haven fanciers more than somewhat with our latest showcase of curvaceous Carina Roma in this issue, so here as compensation for guys who are into long and curlies, is hirsute Hanna from Colchester, Essex, showing off her mature jungly merits...

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

PUSSY Truly saucy G-string in Pink Marabou. 95% nylon, 5% Ostrich feathers. *Price:* **£2.95.**

FILIGREE Lurex lacy briefs. 100% nylon. 100% cotton gusset. *Colour:* Gold or Silver. *Price:* **£2.45.**

VANESSA A soft polka dot brief. 100% nylon. One size only. *Colour:* Red. *Price:* **£3.50.**

FANNY See-thru, crotchless briefs. 100% nylon. *Colour:* Black, white, red. *Price:* **£2.25.**

FIONA Audacious crotchless knickers in superbly soft sateen. 100% nylon. *Colour:* Black, white, purple. *Price:* **£3.65.**

TINA Tiny sateen briefs. 100% nylon, cotton gusset. *Colour:* Black, white, red, pink, blue. *Price:* **£1.95.**

LADYBIRD Luxurious sateen finish French knickers. 100% nylon. *Colour:* Black, white, red. *Size:* 10-12, 14-16, 18-20. *Price:* **£3.95.**

STRIPPER G-String briefs. 100% nylon with cotton gusset. One size only. *Colour:* Black, white. *Price:* **£2.25.**

EROS Satin heart-shaped G-string with frilled edging and tiny bow. 85% pure satin, 15% nylon. *Colour:* Black, white, red, pink. *Price:* **£2.40.**

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STOCKINGS: 12 Denier. *Colour:* Black, white, mink, grey, ecru. *Price:* **£1.25.**

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Old maids' drawers were magicked into naughty briefs and knicks...

FISHNET STOCKINGS *Colour:* Black, white, red. *Price:* **£2.25.**

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Maidens

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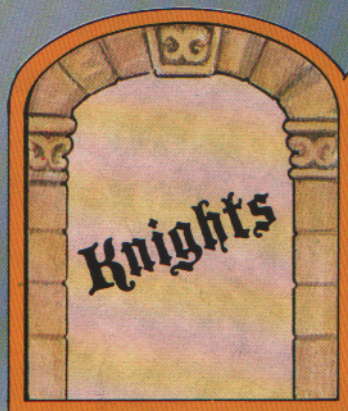

LEPOARD in wild leopardskin. *Size:* One size only. *Price:* **£3.45.**

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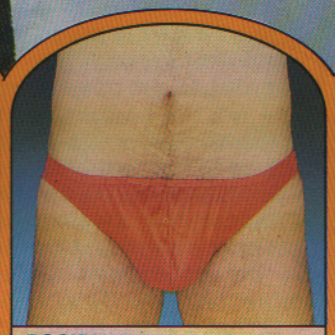

ROCKY Wet-look briefs. *Colour:* Black, red, white. *Size:* Two sizes – S/M or L. *Price:* **£4.50.**

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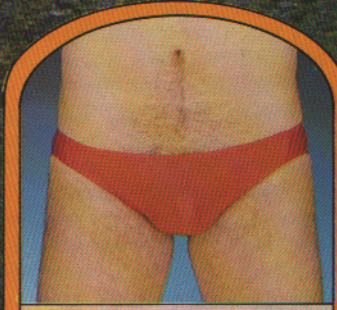


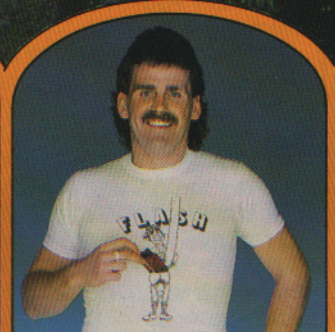
LEO For the least cover and most comfort. 100% nylon. *Colour:* Red, black, white. *Size:* S/M or L. *Price:* **£3.95.**

PIERRE For the Man About Town. 'Evening wear' pouch in black and white with bow. *Size:* One size. *Price:* **£3.25.**

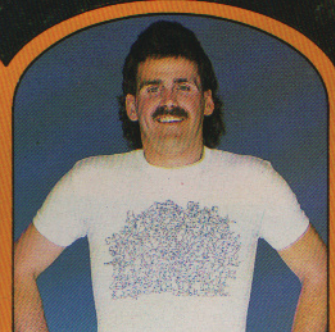
BIG BOY Black net briefs with a penis pocket for the guy who wants to let it all hang out. 100% nylon. *Size:* One size. *Price:* **£2.95.**

"I LOVE BIG MEN" Nightshirt. Snuggle down in this soft, warm nightshirt in white, with bold 'I Love Big Men' motif. 100% polyester. *Size:* 10-14 only. *Price:* **£12.95.**

'LOVE TO SCREW' T-SHIRT Cotton T-shirt with message cleverly coded to protect the innocent onlookers! S/M/L/XL. *Price:* **£5.50.**



FLASHING JOCK T-SHIRT 'Scotch' those rumours about what Jock wears beneath his kilt. *Size:* S/M/L/XL. *Price:* **£5.95.**



ORGY T-SHIRT High quality T-shirt with hilarious print. *Colour:* As shown. *Size:* S/M/L/XL. *Price:* **£4.95.**

And mens' long johns and underpants were transformed by his tricks...

Knights

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Continued from page 31

ZETA'S GREAT NATIONAL SEX TOUR!

Harrison's dopple-ganger!"

"It's incredible!" I confirmed, sneakily eyeing the bulge in the crotch of his jeans. "Especially on that pedestrian crossing, of all pedestrian crossings!"

"That?" he queried. "That wasn't the one on the Abbey Road album, I'm afraid. This is the Kilburn end, you see. *The* zebra crossing's at the junction of Boundary Road, further South. Sorry to disillusion you, and all that. Oh, by the way, my name's Sean. Come on, I'll take you to a good old Irish boozer in Willesden Lane. A drop o' the hard stuff'll put you back in the land of the living!"

"Sounds very romantic," I sighed, as the rain started bucketing down. "Just right for a Monday lunch time."

By the time I'd sunk my third Old Bushmills, I'd already written Monday off as a dead loss. Here I was, half-sozzled, in a way-too-short dress, being ogled by 50 or so red-faced Irishmen, in the company of a young guy I fancied very much indeed. Conduct unbecoming, as ever!

"Will you be having another?" Sean enquired, in an accent I was informed had its roots in Co. Limerick.

"Well, if I'm going to spend the rest of the afternoon with you, I think I'll need it!" I teased, secretly wishing someone would shoot the fiddler scraping his bow within inches of my right ear.

"There's no point in taking the car." said Sean, slipping out of his coat as we left the bar and draping it across my shoulders in a vain attempt to protect me from the torrential rain. "I only live around the corner, and besides, I want to save my energy for *you*, not the breathalyser!"

'There was no denying it. I was in a very rude mood'

'Like some hot-to-trot nympho, I got in the all-fours position'

Home was a cute little terraced house in a street off Salisbury Road – with delightful views of Paddington Cemetery from the bedroom window! I sat on the bed while Sean rummaged in the downstairs kitchen for yet more Old Bushmills.

"What's with all the pictures of whippets?" I asked, puzzled by the dozens of framed photographs and prints which adorned his walls.

"Whippets?" he exploded. "They're not friggin' whippets! Them's racin' dogs, good Irish-bred racers! My family are the best handlers on the Suir, to be sure. This one" (pointing to a faded sepia photograph) "won the Cashman Laurels in '68, a direct descendent of Mast McGrath. Fuckin' *Whippets!*"

"I'm sorry, really I am," I said, realising I'd hit a raw nerve. "Say, why don't you come and sit over here?"

For a few minutes we canoodled on the bed, swigging his beloved Irish whiskey and giggling like a couple of kids.

"Would you like to undress me?" I asked, coyly.

"B'Jayzuz, would I!" said Sean, fingers trembling as he unbuttoned my dress at the back. "Oh, just look at the body on you!"

I was down to my bra and panties – and my naughty Christian Dior black silk stockings. "Well aren't you going to remove the rest?" I queried.

"To be sure – but I'd like you to keep the stockings on, if it's all the same to you."

"To be sure!" I joked, lifing my bottom so that Sean could take my panties down. "There! How do I look?"

Sean quickly removed his jeans and sweat-shirt, and turned to face me. The bulge in his bikini briefs was trained to one side, so long, that its bulbous head reached almost as far as his left hip.

"Pretty amazing," he replied, eyeing me appreciatively. Then, pulling his briefs down, so that his big, semi-erect cock flopped free, twitching its way to a full hard-on: "And how do I

"Come here," I said, sitting at the edge of the bed, facing him. "Come and put that lovely thing in my mouth and shut me up once and for all!"

Once I've got a cock in my mouth, there's no stopping me. It makes me feel so proud, so female, so sluttish.

"You can wank off into my mouth, if you want," I offered, pausing for breath, but still cupping his big, heavy, pendulous balls. "Or would you like me to do it for you? I've got an idea! Why don't I take a mouth full of whiskey and...".

I swilled the fiery liquor around his glans, and Sean went crazy, squeezing my tits, then reaching down, finding my clit and squeezing it between thumb and forefinger.

"Keep that up, darling, and I'll spunk over your face," said Sean. "Let me fuck you, instead."

There was no denying it: I was in a very rude mood, for a Monday. Like some hot-to-trot nympho, I got in the all-fours position, reached behind me, and spread my arse.

"How does she look, then?" I ventured, wiggling my bum and pulling delicately at my little pink flaps. "She's ever so wet, Sean, really she is. Make the little bitch good and sore."

The young Irishman might not have been the most subtle of lovers, but he was good – very good. Pausing for just a few seconds to stir his cock-head around the mush entrance to my fuck-hole, he suddenly rammed it into me, so far up me, I felt our pubic hair mingle.

Slipping his hands around my waist, he then grabbed my pert little tits as he started to increase the pace of his thrusts, I buried my face in the pillows to prepare myself for the inevitable orgasm. Sean's cock was so thick, it was stretching my vaginal walls, making me moan with lust, as he pushed it in from every angle.

"Let me sit on it," I suggested. "Let's you and me do the mirror trick!"

"Mirror trick?" Sean repeated. "And what might that be?"

"Get a mirror and lean it up against the headboard," I urged him. "Then I'll sit on you, and you can look up and get a wonderful view of – "

"Ah, I'm with you!" he exclaimed,

'He pushed it in from every angle'

'I felt marvellously kinky...'

'I was within seconds of climaxing'

gleefully, returning from another room with a big old fashioned mirror. "Come on, then!"

For a minute or so, I bobbed up and down on his rampant prick, reacclimatising myself to its contours.

"Right," I said, slowly leaning forward until all but the purple knob was outside me, turning around to feast my eyes on the huge, glistening white phallus that protruded from my engorged twat. "Cop a look at that, donkey-dick!"

The wondrously obscene spectacle was evidently too much for young Sean, who responded to the way I drummed my fingernails on the sensitive underside of his shaft by falling out of me and spunking all over my arse -and the mirror.

"Don't worry," I said, whorishly lapping-up the strings of jism from the glass. "I came way before you, anyway."

We dressed and went downstairs for coffee, not quite "zonked" enough to want to sleep.

"Come," said Sean, seeing the sun blazing down on the rain-soaked patio. "I'll show you the sights of Kilburn."

I doubled-up with laughter at the absurdity of the suggestion, but Sean was serious, and the last thing I wanted was to hurt his feelings. The sights of Kilburn? Oh boy...

And you know something? Kilburn *does* have its picturesque parts - more picturesque than Sean's pretty cock, I mean!

At the end of his street, across Kingswood Road, was Queen's Park, for example. Or should I say, Queen's Parks? For reasons we neither of us could work out, Queen's Park is divided into two egg-shaped areas, surrounded by ring roads, A beautiful park, nonetheless, and a joy to stroll in, in the Autumn sunshine.

"So what are the other six wonders of Kilburn?" I asked, sarcastically.

"Well, there's the Paddington Recreation Ground, Grange Gardens, the Hibernian Social Club, the Social Services Centre in Kilburn Square... You don't know what you're missing down in W.1!" Sean joked. "But seriously, it's a helluva good place to live. More atmosphere than poncey Hampstead, the lowest cost of living North of the Thames, and just great for access to the West End."

"And of course there's the pubs," I added, wryly.

"Damn right, the pubs! The best fuckin' boozers in town," Sean echoed, taking the bait. "Which reminds me - they're open in ten minutes. That gives us time to get a few in before Haringey."

"Haringey?" I echoed, mystified. "What's with Haringey?"

"My cousin Noel's got a runner in an Open there tonight. Fancy coming along? Then we can go to the Hibernian Club afterwards. There's a real ace showband gigging there tonight.."

Greyhounds? Showbands? Hibernian Clubs? Talk about a subculture! Nevertheless, I accepted Sean's offer, though with some trepidation...

Standing there in the grandstand, I could hardly believe my eyes, looking at the race card.

"You don't mean to tell me all this fuss is about a £100 prize?" I exclaimed. "It's not exactly Royal Ascot, is it!"

"There's the prize, you big dummy!" said Sean, taking my arm and pointing to the bookmakers. "They're going 9-2 about our dog, right? Well, the minute it goes 5-1, you get your sweet arse down there and have this little lot on it, right?"

Sean handed me a wad of notes, and disappeared into the crowd to join his dodgy pals. Sure enough, a minute later, when the dogs were being put in the traps (poor dears), the bookmaker nearest me took his sponge, erased the 9-2 and chalked up 5-1.

"£500 trap 5," I said, following instructions.

"£2,500 to £500!" said the clerk, not even blinking. And they were off. The orange-coated No.5 took the lead at the first bend (taking advantage of a terrible pile-up), and was never in the slightest danger of losing it thereafter.

"Bloody cousin of mine and his fuckin' three-legged dogs!" Sean exclaimed. "It ran like a pig, that bloody 3!"

"Trap 3?" I queried. "You said trap 5, didn't you?"

"You raving bloody stupid..." shouted Sean - then the penny dropped.

"You don't mean to tell me you went and put my money on the 5 dog?"

"I did! Or at least, I think I did!"

"Oh, you genius!" shouted Sean, putting his arms around me. "You beautiful, wonderful, marvellous creature! I still can't believe it! You mean you really got on?"

"Oh, I got on, all right!" I replied. "And didn't we look just great together? Take me home and make love to me again, rich boy! Please?"

Now, this was Zeta-Woman-Of-Logic at work. You see, I know Irishmen well enough to know that, if I'd let Sean take me back to the bar at Haringey, or, worse, still, accompanied him to the Hibernian Club, he would have insisted in celebrating, buying drinks for complete strangers, getting rotten drunk...and becoming a total write-off, sexually speaking. Now was the time to play my masterstroke!

"You want to go? *Now*?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "But we've only just begun! Besides, I need a drink and I've got this good thing in the 9.45 and I've got to meet Seamus and the boys..."

"And I'm not wearing any panties and I've got a tube of KY Jelly in my handbag," I interjected. "If you want to turn down the dirtiest fuck of your life in favour of squandering your winnings on your silly chums, the I'm going home."

"Women!" Sean exclaimed. "Just take a look and see what you've done to my trousers!"

A Godalmighty bulge, big enough to hang a Guiness mug upon, strained the fly of his lightweight blue suit.

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ZETA'S GREAT NATIONAL SEX TOUR!

"Don't worry," I consoled him, taking his arm. "I get the impression everyone here's more interested in the next race than your crotch troubles!"

We hailed a taxi in Green Lanes and headed back to Little Dublin, with Sean sneakily fingerfucking me in the back of the cab (I hadn't bothered to replace my panties after the adventures of the afternoon!). We stopped at an off-licence just by Quex Road, and Sean jumped out for the all-important bottle.

"He some smoothie, than man of yours!"

The cabbie looked back through the glass divide, beaming a delightful smile – the first time in my life I'd ever set eyes on a Chinese cabbie!

"Smooth? Him? You must be joking!" I said, disparagingly. "All he's into is getting drunk and laid."

"Raid?" queried the cabbie. "How you mean, raid?"

"Legover!" I said. "Or should I say 'regover'? Jig-a-Jig! Nookie! Oats, for Heaven's sake!"

"Ah, so! Regover! Why not you and me disappear back my prace for regover? I velly good cook, too!"

I looked at Sean, swaggering around the off-licence, brandishing his winnings like a prize idiot. Did I really want to spend the rest of the night boozing and rolling around with him on his mattress?

"You're on, Charlie Chan!" I said. "Quick! Step on the juice before he comes back."

My Chinese cabbie was also a Kilburn resident, proud owner of an immaculate maisonette in Torbay Road. Over the moon that I was not only hungry, but hungry for some good old Chinese nosh, Ken produced three woks, a bundle of seafood and vegetables, and in less than ten minutes was serving a three-course special in his spotless kitchen.

"You know?" he mused, as we sat and ate, drinking saki from coffee mugs. "You lemind me awful rot of someone I've seen in papers or some prace. What you do for a riving, might I ask?"

"Oh, I, er, work with figures," I said. "A consultant for a group of, er, *publications*."

"You mean, accountant?" he suggested baffled.

"Well, I suppose you could say that," I lied.

"Oh, all light, you no want tell me!" he sulked. "Come on, then. Srip out of your dless. Ret me sit here and dlink Saki and rook at your titties."

I felt marvellously kinky, sitting there naked at Ken's table, sipping saki.

"Why don't you follow me upstairs?" I suggested, getting to my feet, relieved that the delicate subject of Yours Truly's I.D. had been changed.

I walked along the passage and climbed the first three stairs. Spreading my stockinged legs, I looked round. Ken was standing below me, eyeing my bottom lasciviously.

"Would you like to lick me while I stand here like this?" I asked, spreading my thighs wider still and sticking my bottom out, so that he could see right up me. "It'd be lovely. So kinky, don't you think?"

Ken was behind me in a split second, his face buried in the crack of my bottom, lapping my cunt voraciously as he clung to my hips, leaving his clothes in a heap at the bottom of the stairs.

"I'm going to walk up the stairs, nice and slowly," I offered. "And you're going to keep wiggling that tongue of yours around inside me, all the way to the top, OK? Come on, then..."

By the time I reached the upstairs landing, I was within seconds of climaxing. The bedroom door ahead of me was open, and the bed looked wonderfully inviting, even in an unmade state.

But – what was that sticking out from under it? A magazine of some sort?

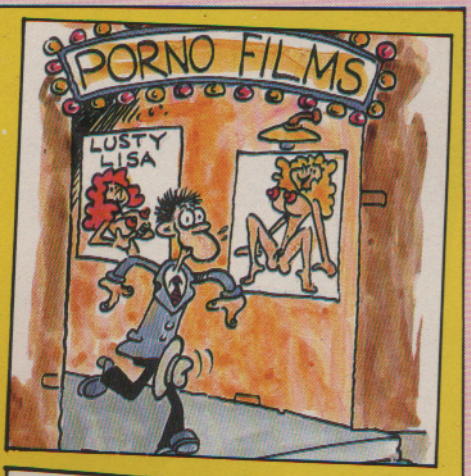
Ken got to his feet and led me across the room, fingering my wet arse.

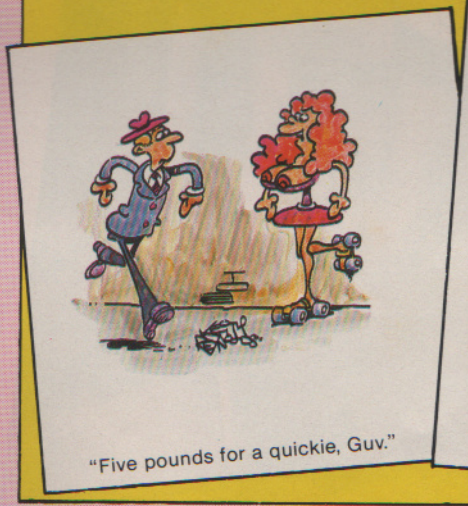
"What's that mag?" I asked, pointing under the bed.

'Would you lick me while I stand here like this!' I asked'

'Ken's bed was littered with porno close ups'

MINI-LAFFS FROM PARADE!





"Five pounds for a quickie, Guv."

"Don't tell me you've got cramp in your bottom lip again."

"That? Oh, it nothing!" he said nervously, kicking it further under the bed, out of reach.

"Nothing, eh!" I repeated, getting down on my knees and reaching for it. "Let's see what your taste in literature amounts to!"

Ken got down on his knees behind me and tried to grab my hand, his cock brushing temptingly against my wet sex in the struggle. I found the magazine, pulling it out with my left hand while Ken grappled with my right.

"*Parade*? Ken, you dirty old rickshaw boy!"

But at that precise moment, I realised my horseplay had backfired, for there, large as life on the front cover, was...

"Zeta! Ah, so! I know I see you some prace before! Boy, talk about a rucky day! Tomorrow I win the pools and meet Jamie Ree Curtis in the laundalette!"

I realised with some trepidation it was no ordinary issue of *Parade*, either. It was the one featuring "Your Favourite Blonde Bombshell" in abundance. I actually blushed at the thought of Ken having seen me in such, er, *intimate* poses.

"The rads 'll never believe this!" he exclaimed, sitting on the bed, and curiously, banging his forehead.

"Never!"

"Unless" I interrupted, getting on to the bed and lying with my legs spread: "Unless you take a few Polaroids for keepsakes."

"Poraloids?" he repeated. "How you mean, exactly?"

"Look in my bag, darling. It's all there," I replied gleefully.

"So it is!" he whooped, finding my battered old SX-70 and a couple of flashpacks.

"There's a remote control cable in there somewhere, too," I added, starting to frig myself. "But first, why not take one like this, for instance?"

Moistening three fingers with saliva, I buried them in my cunt, and Ken, shaking not a little, took his very first Zeta shot - albeit a blurred one!

Steadying his hands he took a few more (even more wildly indecent!), then balanced the camera precariously on a pile of books and telephone directories, and attached the remote control shutter release.

"I suppose you want a few more of me sucking you off" I said, nonchalantly, starting to toss him off between my tits.

"That be faburous!" he concurred, getting to his knees, taking his hard cock in his hand, and manoeuvring himself into position for a profile shot. "Just the tip of him in, so he look about ten inches rong!"

15 minutes later, Ken's bed was littered with prono closeups worthy of any Scandinavian wank-mag. Yet, despite having taken all the cock a girl could be expected to take in a busy day, I still wasn't ready to drop.

"I know!" said Ken. "We go gambring club in Soho!"

I groaned with singular lack of enthusiasm. My second gambler in one day?

"Do you really think that's a good idea?" I said, checking my makeup in the mirror.

"Good, you say? Good? It bruddy excellent. Come!"

And so I leave you, Dear Readers, surrounded by fans in the Wan-Lo Club, Gerrard Street, with 13 untouched drinks on my table and a pile of *Parades* to autograph.

Ken's been playing Mah Jong for three hours and he's £375 up. Why, oh why, do I attract heavy gamblers?

Zeta parade

ZETA'S KINKY CAPERS IN KILBURN!

'Ken's bed was littered with porno close-ups'

STAND BY BRISTOL! Insatiable Zeta's Heading Your Way Even Now!

IT'S SARAH OR BUST ACCORDING TO 2473 PARADERS!

Or Should That Read Sarah's Bust?

2473 – that was the last total we have of Paraders who want to get their hands round sensual and sensational Sarah Mealing all over again.
And as it was those well-nigh perfect 36 inch knockers that seem to have stirred the lower loins of so many Paraders (who always know a good thing when they see it, or feel it) that's what we've concentrated on in Sarah's *second*, even more sensational airing for Paraders who find a single nibble with magnificent Miss Mealing is not enough.
They want to positively *chew over* her oh-so-chewable parts!

JULIA SMART'S VERY PERSONAL INVITATION TO PARADERS!

Julia Smart from Dulwich in south-east London doesn't so much provide a finale but more a climax to your latest frisky fortnightly Parade, as she looks after our black stocking buffs who'd no more think of climbing into bed with a *naked* girl, however gorgeous, than they'd think of buying their wives a pair of double-gusseted tights!

20 year old sexy south-east Londoner Julia Smart is smart enough to know that we're talking about older, more mature fellas (the ones with the credit cards) and she tells Parade she'd never dream of going out with anybody under 35 years old. It's a long walk back to Dulwich from London's West End, after all!

But wherever you live, Julia has a personal invitation for *you* – that is to come and share her shapely chums' naked fun and frolics in the next pouting, pulsating Parade.

And that won't even cost you a taxifare, because all you have to do is hand the coupon in Julia's showcase to your newsagent to make sure you get your next two-weekly but far from weakly issue!

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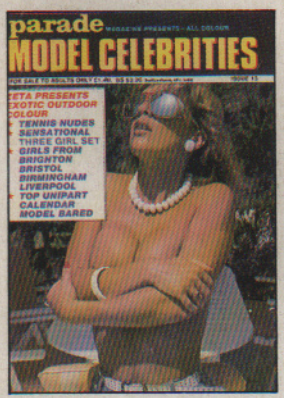

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